

ALASKA'S GOVERNOR UNDER A CLOUD

Executive Appointed by Missionary
Element Investigated by President's
Agent Has Romantic History.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 15. — For several months Governor John C. Brady of Alaska has been under cross fire of criticism, accusation and ugly rumor. Last spring, while President Roosevelt was considering the matter of re-appointing him, these complaints and charges were brought to his attention in an effort to defeat the appointment. That this effort was not successful, was due to the powerful influence at Washington of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, under the direction of which organization Governor Brady first went to Alaska as a missionary.

It was the missionary influence which secured him the appointment as governor eight years ago, re-appointment in the face of strong opposition four years ago, and again last spring.

One of the charges made against Governor Brady is that he is unprogressive, has no sympathy with the efforts of big capitalist interests to develop the district along modern lines, and exerts his influence chiefly in an effort to retain Alaska for the benefit of the degenerate and decaying native tribes, and for the exploitation of the missionaries at work among them.

At the time the mining interests were trying to defeat Governor Brady's re-appointment they offered to furnish President Roosevelt with specific information concerning a serious breach of official conduct on the part



JOHN C. BRADY
GOVERNOR OF ALASKA

of the governor, but before this was produced the re-appointment went to the senate and was confirmed. Soon after, however, the promised information arrived in the form of a printed copy of an enthusiastic endorsement by the governor of the Reynolds Alaska Development company, of which Governor Brady was a director, advising all investors to put money into the company's stocks, and assuring them of his confidence in its bright future.

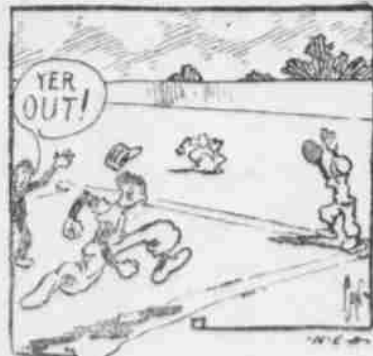
When verified copies of this prospectus were presented to the president, he urged Governor Brady immediately to sever his connection with the company, and withdraw his endorsement, or resign. He did the former.

On June 6th, President Roosevelt dispatched Frank C. Churchill, a special agent of the Interior Department, to Alaska, to make an investigation. Churchill went to Sitka, Governor Brady's official residence, where he remained several days, returning thence to Washington, via Seattle. The result is not yet known. Governor Brady's biography reads almost like a romance. His parentage is unknown. He was picked up as a homeless waif on the streets of New York, where he sold papers, and adopted by a man named Brady, whose name he took. He secured a university education by his own efforts, studied law, entered the ministry, and went to Alaska fifteen years ago as a missionary. When McKinley became president, the missionary influence in Alaska predominated at Washington, and Brady was chosen governor. He is now serving his ninth year. In his reports he has devoted much attention to missionary work, the schools, the native tribes and their welfare, but very little to the important mining and industrial undertakings.

PLAY FOOLED THE UMPIRE

One of the characters in the Pacific Coast League is Mike Fisher, manager of the Tacoma team. Before he became a great manager Mike was a policeman in Sacramento, and may have been on the force in Chinatown yet if a Chinaman had not given him a red hot silver dollar.

Soon after he became a manager Mike came to the conclusion that the thing for him to do was to get before



FOOLED THE UMPIRE.

the public, so he announced that he would umpire the series with the Chicago Nationals, who train on the coast. Mike was expecting great things from the big leaguers, having heard that they played a lightning fast game.

The big day came and the game started with Mike back of the pitcher, Sacramento was batting and the first man hit a corker past the short stop into center. The ball went by Tinker like a shot, but Joe went through all the motions of fielding the ball and tossing it to first. Chance on first slipped the glove as if making the catch, and all the field was chasing the ball.

"Out," yelled Mike. He thought Tinker had played so fast he couldn't see the ball.

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In the Perea Addition we have 240 lots, property of the Otero estate, which we offer on very small monthly installments.

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Now in the office to be loaned in sums to suit at 8 per cent interest, \$3,500, \$3,000, \$2,000, \$1,500, \$1,000, and intermediate amounts, several small sums from \$200 to \$800.

INSURANCE AND ABSTRACTS

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BOTH TELEPHONES

Established 1888

National Theater as an Aid to Find an American Shakespeare

HERR HEINRICH CONREID WARM-
LY RECOMMENDS AN INSTITU-
TION TO BE THE SHRINE OF
AMERICAN DRAMATIC ART—
THE STAGE THAT WOULD EL-
EVATE THE PUBLIC DESCRIBED
BY THE GREAT IMPRESARIO.

By Heinrich Conreid.
Director of the Metropolitan Opera
Company.

Our schools are supported by public taxation, our universities by the munificence and philanthropy of our high finance. Our libraries owe partly to the bequests of whole estates and largely to the liberality of one multi-millionaire, who also spent money freely in the cause of scientific research. As for our churches, they are generously provided for by myriads of open handed believers. But our dramatic art, less fortunate, has had to struggle against fearful odds, and has been abandoned to the commercial enterprise.

How can this anomaly be remedied? How can we reform a state of things which allows one, and perhaps the most popular, of the arts, to languish in neglect? In one way, and I feel, in one way only. By the foundation of a national theater.

A theater which is compelled, by financial considerations, to present the same play, night after night, cannot be regarded seriously as an educator. Give us a national theater, and with a changing repertory we shall be able to play upon the whole register of human passions, to lash all conceivable follies, and to kindle all emotions that make for the ennobling of the collective soul of the people.

Chance for a Shakespeare. Who is to raise dramatic monuments to our national heroes, is still unborn; or, if living, lives in obscurity, barred from the stage which either cannot or will not recognize him. Give us a national theater, and have our American Shakespeares.

Through the continual presentation of the standard plays of all nations, in as nearly perfect a manner as possible, a national theater would raise public taste. It would encourage the cultivation of higher ideals, it would lift the art of acting in this country to a position of excellence, and, in all probability, lead to the creation of an American dramatic literature.

The national theater would be a standard for the pronunciation of English words. The pronunciation would be absolutely and undeniably correct, would never be deviated from, and would be accepted by all actors throughout the United States, nay, by society itself, as authoritative. The great art of diction in a broad sense, would also be fostered, till at last it approached perfection.

The national theater, moreover, would be the standard of correctness in matters of costume, scenery and manners. It would, indeed, become the standard for a hundred and one things for which there is not and never yet has been a standard.

It Requires Time.

To do what the Theater Franchises of Paris and the Burgtheater of Vienna do, change the bill nearly every night,



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and certainly not less than three times a week—would require not less than six years. After six years the repertory would include not only the world's classics, but also plays by the best modern authors, and even light comedies. American authors would have a generous hearing in the national playhouse, and actors would be ambitious to become members of this national theater for the sake of the distinction which their appearance on its boards would give them.

Ideal Playhouse. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that a national theater will be established here, and that, contrary to prevailing opinion, it will be established without great sacrifice of money. The building erected for such a purpose should be, like the art of which it would be a symbol, dignified and beautiful. It should be worthy of the American people. Externally it should, I think, be stately and simple, internally it should be comfortable and harmonious. The stage appliances should be of the best modern kind, the accommodations provided for the members of the company should be liberal and appropriate, while all imaginable precaution should be taken to protect both audience and actors against fire. The price of seats in the national theater should range from 25 cents to \$2, and for \$20 it should be possible to become a subscriber for the entire season.

When such a national theater as I have endeavored to describe has become an accomplished fact and is opened, I am confident it will be a joy to all, an honor to those who have helped to shape it into life, and a glory to this republic.

TOLD AT THE CAPITOL

THE PRESS CORRESPONDENTS LISTEN TO A TALE OF WOE.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 15.—There was a reunion of press correspondents when congress convened. The reunion was turned into an experience meeting. Louis Brownlow, of Kentucky, said, had the floor.

"For experiences trying and strenuous I'm pum martin entitled to the grand prize," he declared. "When I left here last spring, I went me down to Paducah, Ky., where I ran a reform paper. Running a reform paper isn't so much a part of the simple life as it might be. I was only shot at once. Once they tried to kill me in the city hall without the aid of a revolver, which was some disconcerting, not to say contemptuous and insulting. I've been sued for libel to the tune of \$50,000, and the last

libel was that the grand jury was considering the advisability of indicting me for some criminal libel also.

"As an offset to all this I can point with pride to having closed the saloons on Sunday. I had two bottles of good whisky in my satchel as I left the town, and the porter set that satchel down with such free disregard that the bottles were broken and the whisky escaped over the depot floor right in the presence of a representative of the rival paper.

"I call that going home. And now," he added, sighing a deep sigh of unrestrained relief, "I'm willing to stay right here where I can draw a small weekly stipend and breathe more freely. The running of reform papers is too strenuous to be strictly in my line."

There is a fascination about life of a female sleuth—some of the work especially adaptable to women.

By Anna M. Coyle.
Superintendent of the International Detective Agency of Pittsburgh.

So much mystery and real danger is generally attributed to the work of a detective, that for a woman to attempt it seems to most people the height of folly.

Many of my friends can scarcely understand why I gave up a career in vaudeville to do "stunts" as a detective. I hardly know, myself, but I know that I am here and am the only licensed woman detective in Pennsylvania. In the business of hunting criminals or ferreting out secrets there is always something new. You can never get the same results in two cases by working precisely the same game, and therein lies a charm that is, to say the least, attractive.

Must Hold Secrets.

There is some knack for learning secrets that, I believe, especially fit some women for detective work. Of course, if a woman can't keep a secret there's no use for her ever trying to be a detective. She has no use for afternoon sewing circles, teas and women's gatherings, unless she trains herself to be a listener and not a purveyor of gossip.

There is a great field for young, adventurous, bright women in the detective service, but I can assure them that if they are not naturally adapted for the work they will never achieve success.

A woman cannot do all kinds of detective work. On the other hand, there are plenty of cases in which one woman can be successful, where an army of men detectives would fail. You have to get your knowledge from persons who least suspect you, and in nine instances out of ten people are less suspicious of a woman than they are of a man. Then, too, a woman, if she is at all skilful, can divert suspicion in a thousand different ways that are not at the command of a man. True, she has to assume, at times, every manner and condition of womanhood, and in my own work I have found that my stage training has been a decided advantage in this direction.

Certainly, there are perils and dangers. You are in danger every minute of your identity becoming known in some way or other, and you don't know what might happen then. But the most successful detective is ordinarily the one most remotely removed from the dangers of this sort.

When it comes to making arrests I have always found it best to have my men assistants do that. I don't carry handcuffs and I don't usually carry a revolver, although I ride myself in being a good shot, and at even odds wouldn't hesitate taking chances with the most desperate criminal.

The Woman in It.

In about seven cases out of ten that reach a detective office there is a "woman in the case," and no one is better fitted to draw deductions from

THE WOMAN DETECTIVE



the facts submitted than one of her own kind, who knows a woman's nature better than all the men in the universe.

But a woman when she enters the Sherlock Holmes profession must leave all sentiment behind. She mustn't forget how to employ sentiment, but she mustn't be carried away by it. She must often laugh when others are crying and begging for mercy. Then, too, she must often throw herself into a fit of mental anguish in order to elicit sympathy and finally pave the way into the avenues of the heart of another. It is, indeed, often simply a game of being what you are not. You will have all sorts of men making love to you, just as you want them to do for your purpose, but you must be sure that your heart is of adamant.

INSURED HIS HANDS FOR \$50,000.00



JAN KUBELIK'S HANDS.
New York, Dec. 15.—Hands are commonly supposed to be valuable when they are busy. The violinist, Kubelik, will find his just as valuable if they become injured or diseased. He has insured them for \$50,000. They are handsome hands and marvelously skilful ones, but if a silver gets under one of these pink nails all that he has to do is to notify his accident insurance company and a big roll of bills is forthcoming.